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THE SHADOW OF A GREAT DUTY.

The tragic deaths of Francisco Madero and Jose Suarez, although shocking to the humanity of the American nation and portentous indications of the instability and lawlessness of the Mexican people, do not furnish sufficient cause for intervention. Whether these men were murdered, or died by the chance of arms, the burden of this terrible event must be borne by Mexico. They could have been protected. They were not. Upon their fellow citizens rests the duty of explaining such anarchy to the civilized world. President Taft is right in declaring that this tragedy does not alter the present attitude of the United States toward Mexico.

Yet it is one more evidence of the turmoil, disorder and distress that threatens to force intervention at any price in the name of humanity. Unless government by assassination and bloody reprisals cease, inevitably some overt act of violence will be committed against Americans and other foreigners. Then the United States, however, the task may be, will be compelled to protect its own citizens and those of other nations, whose safety, under the Monroe Doctrine, we have solemnly guaranteed. If the present conditions continue, and Mexico is unable to save herself, we must, for our own honor and as a duty to civilization, undertake this heavy burden. If we do, we will never withdraw until Mexico is at peace and able to compass her own salvation.

Now we do not seek anything save protection to those we must defend. No thought is farther from the minds of the American people than aggrandizement or imperialism. We must resolutely refuse to be drawn into a war wherein we can win nothing and pay everything. We must seek to learn the facts; preserve a calm sense of justice and charity; be prepared for action if right shall demand it.

The Mexicans are not our people. They are not assimilable. Their solidarity would be the instant joining of all classes and parties to resist invasion should one company of American troops cross the border. They are so far behind us in general intelligence and enlightened political ideals that it would take generations to raise them to a point where they would be more than a costly charge upon our strength. To impose our democracy upon this ignorance would be to assume a burden whose benefits would not be worth the life of one American soldier. Yet, if present intolerable conditions continue, it will be our national duty to assume that burden at whatever cost and at whatever sacrifice.

WELL-FOUNDED APPREHENSION.

The "apprehensive dissatisfaction" expressed by the leading Chinese and Japanese newspapers over the Russo-Mongolian treaty will be readily understood upon a little study of the map of Asia. Such study will prove especially interesting and instructive in the light of the following from the Tokyo Kokumin:

Outer Mongolia will become independent under Russian influence. Should this come to pass, other border regions, such as Tibet and Inner Mongolia, are also likely to follow suit. Moreover, if the Hans fail to govern Manchuria in the right manner, the Manchus will likewise renounce their allegiance to the republic. It is even feared that China proper itself may degenerate if something is not speedily done to harmonize the conflicting interests of the various provinces.

These comments of the Kokumin, taken with the terms of the treaty and the map, afford a complete explanation of Chinese and Japanese alarm.

While Russia is, as usual, with customary beneficence and benevolence, doing it all for the commercial development of Mongolia and the civilization of her benighted people, incidentally she covets to recognize Mongolian autonomy. Mongolia, as will be clear in our cartographic examination, is the territorial strategic key to Asia. It forms an irregular triangle, bounded on the north by Siberia, on the south by China proper, on the east by Manchuria, into which it fits relatively to close proximity to the Korean line and on the west by Eastern Turkestan. This last named, which is already within "the sphere of Russian influence," touches Afghanistan on the Afghan eastern frontier, and it is but a short cry across its desert to Tibet.

In view of the two latter facts, it can be seen that Great Britain also has good reason to be apprehensively dissatisfied with the Russo-Mongolian convention, since Afghanistan and Tibet constitute the chief bulwarks against Russian aggression upon her Indian empire.

Muscovite commercial exploitation and recognition of autonomy of Mongolia mean in the end Muscovite domination, annexation and rule, unless Russia is prepared to reverse a policy she has been pursuing in Central and Far Eastern Asia ever since her commercially outlawed robber bands crossed the Ural, and their successors pressed on to planting her standards on the Amur. Once firmly established in Mongolia, Russia would have a coign of immense strategic vantage, from

which she could threaten not only China and Japan through Manchuria and Korea, but, through Afghanistan and Tibet, the Oriental possessions of Great Britain as well.

Small wonder, therefore, the Chinese and Japanese apprehensive dissatisfaction, and small wonder that, moreover, both Peking and Tokyo are said to be secretly urging and counting on British protest and that there are rumors that it will not be long in forthcoming in unmistakable voice, backed by the advance of a heavy Indo-British military expedition into the land of the Lamas.

Nor can the march of that expedition be commenced too soon, if it be true that even now Russia has 6,000 soldiers "protecting her commerce" in Mongolia, and the entire military authority of the country is in the hands of Russian officers, who are training and drilling the native troops. In the interests of maintaining her own prestige in the further East, safeguarding India, continuing to command the headwaters of the greatest commercial artery of the Chinese Empire, the Yang-Tze-Kiang, and saving China from partition, Great Britain cannot too quickly give Russia a Tibetan Roland for her Mongolian Oliver.

OUR INTERSCHOLASTIC ORATORS.

The first interscholastic declamation contest in Virginia, as far as our information goes, was held Saturday night at and under the auspices of Richmond College. The plan is not novel; it has been adopted successfully in many States, notably in Tennessee, but it is an excellent one, and the Times-Dispatch trusts that Saturday night's oratorical meet is but the forerunner of many others. It was of superior order—a forensic battle so closely contested that at the conclusion the decision lay in a fog of doubt. The victor was Alexander Luther Rivins, of the Newport News High School, who declaimed John Temple Graves's masterly eulogy on Henry Woodfin Grady, of Georgia, who was an alumnus of the University of Virginia and the foremost orator there. Close upon the successful contestant's heels came a troop of adolescent spellbinders, among the last but not among the least of whom was J. Caldwell Wicker, of Church Hill, whose daily comings and goings past the scene of Patrick Henry's world-famous appeal have not been without their inspiration. In fact, the smallest star in this scholastic oratorical galaxy was far more eloquent and far more effective in public speech than your average member of the General Assembly.

The interscholastic declamation contests should be continued. Richmond College is to be commended upon its admirable initiative in establishing the first such forensic combat. The schoolboy who is well trained in the fine art of public speech never loses the readiness and the facility that such equipment gives; in manhood he is more than likely to become one of those useful citizens who are bold enough to speak out in meeting. Ease in public speech is a possession as uncommon as it is valuable. Take Thomas Bury, for example, who well represented the Chester Agricultural High School Saturday night. His training in declamation will serve him in good stead if he becomes a full-fledged farmer in Chesterfield in times like these, when the intercommunication of agricultural experience and ideas is so essential.

Some of the subjects of the declamations were time-worn. If there is no such book, some one should compile a volume of suitable selections for declamation in our preparatory schools, drawing largely from the Southern writers and orators, whose productions are so much more fit for the declaimer than the ancient "pieces" that have been recited by youth for generations.

HELPING WASHINGTON AND LEE TO HELP SOUTH.

Not only Virginia, but the South as a whole, has reason to be grateful that Washington and Lee University has recently received a very large addition to its endowment. This benefaction came in the form of a bequest from W. C. Doremus, a retired member of the New York Stock Exchange. It was at first thought to be comparatively small in amount, but the latest advices are that it will increase the present endowment of Washington and Lee, of about \$1,000,000, more than fivefold. If this information is correct, this honored institution will be probably the strongest in the South.

Washington and Lee is already wealthy in all the intangible assets which are essential to the greatest and best service to a Southern institution of higher education. She is possessed of the ideals, standards and traditions, as well as the lofty aims and purposes, which have come to her through successive generations from Washington to Lee, and from Lee to the present time. These intangible assets are beyond the power of expression in terms of dollars and cents, but it is gratifying to know that a substantial bequest like this can be made more effectively and that their influence may be more widely disseminated. The generous donor of this large sum has found a splendid way for perpetuating all that was high and noble in the old South, and for preparing the young men of the present day to deal intelligently and patriotically with the new problems which are confronting the Southern States. This bequest will mean better equipment and training among the young men of Virginia and the South for the pursuits of private life and a better preparation and a greater stimulus for disinterested public service.

IRONICAL HONESTY.

The officers of the National Cash Register Company have received no sympathy from the press. Universal approval has greeted this endeavor to make guilt personal, and to crush out the illegal methods of stifling competition and perfecting monopoly. Neither the superficial success of the N. C. R. nor its sugar-coated efforts at philanthropy among employees has clouded the issue.

Yet one touch of high irony in this

case has escaped notice. The manufacturers of a device for enforcing mechanical honesty are the first to be convicted of a grave and far-reaching dishonesty beside which the petty peculations of clerks is dwarfed. One of the chief claims of the cash register is that it makes cheating impossible. It guarantees a square deal to seller and purchaser. It is a commercial conscience. It is a watch-dog that never sleeps. It relieves men of the personal responsibility of protecting their own honor.

Yet the fact remains that honesty is personal, and cannot be left to a machine. In many men the establishment of machine supervision tends to provoke a challenge of the machine. They seek to beat this method of depriving them of a character by preventing the tests that develop one. The faith in machine honesty is typical of short-sighted business men. Till now, the impersonal machinery of a great corporation has been honest enough in many cases for those who manipulated the machinery. They could do many things under cover of its cast-iron conscience. When accused they pointed to the instrument as a suitable victim.

The chief lesson to be learned in America to-day is a renewed sense of personal responsibility and individual honesty. This has been the fundamental doctrine of Woodrow Wilson's appeal. No legal machine is delicate enough to relieve any man of his single and inescapable duty. All political nostrums that attempt to supply a mechanical method of enforcing right and justice are doomed to failure. The present case is a striking illustration.

DEFEAT THE JUNKET.

If the City Democratic Committee has felt the pulse of the Democrats of Richmond, it will decide to-night not to take a free trip to Washington on inauguration day at the expense of the Democratic party of this city. Nobody can give a single reason why the committee should take this junket, while a child could give the reasons why it should not go. No proposal of members of the City Democratic Committee in many a month has met with such severe public condemnation as its contemplated free ride to Washington at the cost of the Democratic party. Outside newspapers, without exception, have denounced the suggestion; the Democrats of Richmond vigorously oppose it.

Instead of donning the purple of the paraders, the City Democratic Committee should stay at home in sackcloth and ashes. What would Woodrow Wilson think of a City Democratic Committee in the inaugural procession which reluctantly gave \$150 to elect him and then spent \$3,000 or \$4,000 in celebrating his election? The chief Democratic committee of the greatest city in the native State of Woodrow Wilson ought to hang its head in shame at the very thought of such a thing. If the City Democratic Committee desires to attend the inaugural as a body, let each member pay his own expenses. Why should the Democrats of Richmond have to pay for free rides to Washington for these committee-men?

Does the City Democratic Committee wish to see itself as others outside of Richmond see it? Let it read the following from that stalwart Democratic newspaper, the Emporia Messenger:

"It is true that this is the business of the Democrats of Richmond, and not of the rest of the State, but it goes to show to what an extreme at least one committee will go. One hundred and fifty dollars to elect a candidate and \$2,700 to celebrate his victory! Shades of Caesar! What a contrast! The great fault lies in big assessments made on the card of the committee. The surplus remaining after the legitimate expenses are paid should be returned to these candidates as a matter of simple justice, no more and no less."

Does the City Democratic Committee stand for economy? If it does, let it vote down the proposed junket. Does the City Democratic Committee stand for equal rights to all and special privileges to none? If it does, it will defeat the proposed junket. Does the Democratic City Committee stand for obeying the will of the city Democrats? If it does, it will defeat the proposed junket.

The contemplated junket would be a violation of the trust placed in the City Democratic Committee by the Democrats of Richmond. It would be a party outrage, because Democratic funds can rightfully be used for Democratic purposes only, and junketing is not a Democratic purpose.

The action of the Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana in ordering the chaplain of the State Senate to refrain from making a political speech in his prayer threatens the ancient prerogative of chaplains of political bodies who deliver political addresses by way of the Throne of Grace. Old Peter Cartwright, a famous Methodist revivalist, knew that there is a place and a time for all things. When requested to open an Illinois State Democratic convention with prayer, he called upon the Almighty to continue, as in past time, to save the brethren "from the world, the flesh, the devil and all the other enemies of the Democratic party." The chairman did not ask him to desist.

"It is rumored that some of our progressive business men will, in the near future, start a shirt and overall factory in Scottsville. We trust very much that this is true, and something of the kind is badly needed in our town, and there is no better place for the successful operation of such an enterprise than right in Scottsville," asserts the Scottsville Enterprise. Honest confession is good for the soul!

Petroleum is the new name for the inflammable variety of English suffragette. Stormy petroleum?

Maybe some day Woodrow Wilson's birthday will be as important as George Washington's.

The United States is some nation when it can spend \$115,000,000 for "Sundries."

Waited, by a badly-harassed world, a little peace and quiet.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

From the Hickoryville Clarion.
Mrs. Hank Tumms expects to take in sundries this year, and those who go there will be taken in all right. Fresh canned garden sars right from the mail order house every day.

By golly, when a feller wears eye-glasses he kin stay out all night and look like a college professor in the morning.

Joe Miller certainly had a lot of vaudeville acts possible.

It is a long lane that has no automobile garage.

Mrs. H. Higgins, who recently married, has three one of her first biscuits at him the other day, and his recovery is not expected.

William Tibbitts says he doesn't believe in being stingy with the women folks. He gives his wife 25 cents every Saturday night to buy something extra for the Sunday dinner.

One idea of prosperity is to have a wife who collects alimony from three former husbands.

Miss Euphemia Perkins, poetess of passion, has at last wrote a masterpiece. Nobody else can understand what it is about; she can't understand it herself, and so it is almost sure to be accepted and published by one of the 25-cent magazines.

We don't know who the meanest man on earth is, but Hank Tumms has stole a footstone out'n the graveyard to use as a paucan grille.

The Sewin Circle.
The Sewin Circle in our town meets every Tuesday afternoon.

To sew for heaven far away in Zanzibar and old Bangkok;

That is to say, they meet to sew, but everybody knows quite well

That tongues as well as needles fly, and many are the tales they tell;

They get all of the spicy news the weekly paper doesn't print.

And information's passed around without the slightest sort of stint;

When old Lem Hicks gets full of gin and starts to yell for his worst

It is the safest sort of bet the Sewin Circle knows it first.

When the soprano in the choir walks home from meeting with the bass,

The Sewin Circle spreads the news of their engagement 'round the town.

When married folks enjoy a spat, a harmless one, in all due course

The Sewin Circle takes it up, enlarges it and brings divorce.

When any married feller tips his hat unto a maiden fair,

The Sewin Circle hears of it and thrashes 'round and tears its hair;

A feller is a low-down brute to go and treat his wife like that

They say he is a heartless flint, the maiden is a little cat.

When any party whistles goes out and buys herself a new silk dress

The Sewin Circle hears of it within a day and starts to guess:

When any feller feels some dush and goes and buys an outfit

They say, "Where did he get the price?" No man could do it and not steal!

The Sewin Circle is so good it cannot see a thing but harm.

It is so mighty all-fired good that goodness seems to lose its charm;

Its business is to tell reputations with a ruthless hand.

While sewin' for the heathen in far Timbuctoo and Zulu Land.

Compared with sewin' circles that we know of, we are bound to state

The heathen stand the better chance of getting through the pearly gate.

Answer to Correspondents.
Josephine.—We would like to assist you, but really we haven't time just now to enter your crusade to have the color of the 2-cent postage stamps changed from red to pink. You say the red ones offend the eye, and we are attached to the upper right-hand corner of envelopes containing bills. We are getting so that we almost hate those red postage stamps. We wish you much success, and if you can succeed in doing away with postage stamps altogether, it will be a long step in the right direction.

Just Facts.
Once in a while, among the suffragettes we find a woman who just simply pants to wear trousers.—Hamilton Enterprise

The Fox of Dime Novels.
Richmond has restored the Bible to the free schools. Bible reading at home or in school will very naturally lessen the sale of "Razorbuck Rube, the Alkali Anarchist," and other like stories for children.—Staunton Leader.

Views of the Virginia Editors.
The Richmond Times-Dispatch has moved into its new building, one of the handsomest and best equipped buildings in the South devoted to newspaper work. The country press throughout the State rejoices at this evidence of prosperous growth for Virginia's leading daily, and wishes for it many years of continued usefulness.—Newcastle Record.

Come Quick.
The Richmond Times-Dispatch says that the violets are getting ready to have their coming-out party. Why, dear brother, the violets in this section made their debut several weeks ago.—Orange Observer.

Triple Taxation.
Since the national income tax is a certainty, we wonder if Virginia will retain her income tax. If she does, our people will pay a double income tax, which looks slightly wrong.—Gordonsville Gazette.

In Newport News and Petersburg there is a local tax on incomes as well as a State tax, so that if the Federal tax is added, there will be three taxes on incomes in those cities.—Newport News Times-Herald.

All Virginians Have Small Feet.
The canvass of a Western university shows that among the 1,999

A RAILROAD STRIKE NOW WOULD BE A TERRIBLE HARDSHIP TO DEMOCRATIC OFFICE SEEKERS.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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girl students there is not a perfect foot, the school proof positive that Virginia femininity is not represented at that particular institution of learning.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

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Van Blenc: His Last Crescendo.
Nor ever a mythic muse who sang Nor even a Helicon arose, Nor even a voice in rhapsody upon the wind that blows

Adown Olympian slopes revealed to the world, which has the largest number of words? Which has the largest number of words? R. F. MOORE.

And yet he knew how sweet and true the glory of the hour! The grand old Eden song the joy of those primal hours

The glorious stars together sang in that tremendous hour When heaven above and earth beneath

Beheld creative power; So may we wing our joys upon the aromatic air

When angel symphonies descend to meet our spirits there.

For it is said that every note from every heavenly lyre Kindled in all the world to come its own celestial fire.

Until it seemed the loveliest bloom of every vale was there And on ambrosial sacrifice this melody was borne.

But vanished ages do not solve—nor will the lyre and lyre The riddle of the beautiful, and so the mystery—

For the magic of his art, the passion of his soul— To even this song remained a far and fading goal.

Until at length when he had won so rarely the end, We saw his aged head upon a glorious passion bend.

For, for an angel touched him as the notes divinely rose And in that moment flashed his soul unto the opening skies.

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW, Savannah, Va.

Creed or Conf.
Does one have creed or coat-of-arms cut in ring? Should I use my mother's or my father's? Do men often wear such rings?

JUDITH SPOTSWOOD JEFFERSON. The space is small, and so the crest is often preferred "Your father's. Yes."

The Bible in the Schools
Please tell me whether the reading of the Bible in the public schools is a consequence of order or recommendation, and whether of the State or the Richmond City School Board.

A. B. M. The State board has taken no action. The Richmond city board has passed a resolution that the teachers be requested to read the Bible in the schools, etc. You are quite at liberty as to determine whether this be "order or recommendation."

Soapstone.
I have found soapstone on my place, and should like to learn if it is of commercial value. Can you suggest how I may find out?

J. A. S. Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va., and send samples. He will almost surely have the proper department of his office make you a report on it.

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